

AMUSEMENTS

Salt Lake Theatre—Blanche Walsh in "The Straight Road," matinee today, performance tonight.

Orpheum—High class vaudeville, today and tonight.

Lyric—Continuous vaudeville, afternoon and evening.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Salt Lake Theatre—Annie Russell, April 22nd to 24th. Henrietta Crossman, April 25th to 27th.

Clyde Fitch's "Straight Road," now running at the Salt Lake theatre, is certainly more devious than its name implies. For not only does it zigzag through the moral gutters of New York's East side, turning here and there in twisted efforts at reformation, but, in the last, there is so much wobbly preaching that the author actually goes on a sentimental spree. "The Straight Road" shows Fitch in a new role as a play writer. Hitherto he has swaggered through swell drawing rooms, holding the mirror up to the foibles of fashionable aristocracy. No other author has turned loose so many butterflies, or lighted so many candles with which to burn the wings of social moths. In the "Straight Road," Fitch makes a departure—he goes slumming. It is a curious fact that this most prolific of writers has never yet drawn a satisfying stage hero—somehow there is always a kind of self-denial in their claims to lusty manhood. Yet no one understands women—stage women—better than he. He has drawn many heroines who have rung fairly true before the footlights. And of all the women he has given to the stage there is none truer to life than "Houston Street Moll" in the "Straight Road." There are other characters in the play which reflect life as it is on the sordid East side of New York. I wonder if Fitch actually camped over there in quest of "local color," studying the pavements as Ruskin studied the stones of Venice? But, notwithstanding the excellent characterizations excepting always the absurd, idealized settlement worker and her impossible lover—the play lacks dramatic construction, being nothing more than a series of crude melodramatic situations loosely linked together, while everywhere—painfully everywhere—there is a striving for theatric effect as, one by one, you watch the author side-stepping to his climax. Did Lincoln J. Carter have a hand in the making of the plot? Fie, fie, Mr. Fitch and likewise fudge!

Some of the fine opportunities of the scenes are ruined by smearing them with moralizing molasses and sugared sentiment. In the last act this is especially so—the soul saving

process is so obvious that you actually hear the working of the machinery—pulleys, fly-wheels and piston-rods. But there is pulsing, throbbing life in the stern realism of New York's sordid East side.

Clyde Fitch has photographed this life, painted it in truthful colors, and hung the pictures on the walls of the stage—only this and nothing more.

Blanche Walsh is a growing actress—she rises in her art with such strides that one may see her advancement. There is a splendid destiny drawing her nearer and nearer to dramatic greatness. As a character actress there are few others with whom she need fear comparison. Her interpretation of the gutter-girl, "Houston Street Moll," is a positive combination of diminished self and enlarged art. And while Fitch compromises her in a number of mawkish, foolish situations she redeems them with such realism that one may forgive the weakness of the author in the strength of the actress.

The matinee today and performance tonight close the engagement.

It certainly required great moral—or rather, musical—courage on the part of Manager Pyper to bring the San Carlo opera company here and charge five dollars for a seat. And especially so close on the wings of "Madam Butterfly."

To the credit of the town be it said, however, that the splendid faith and Napoleonic daring of Manager Pyper were justified. With the expenses of the opera company so large and the receipts of the theatre necessarily limited, it was not calculated that the engagement would be especially profitable to the local management. George D. Pyper, however, took a wider view of the situation than that involved in dollars and cents—the artistic side of the question appealed to him. Essentially progressive, built upon metropolitan lines, the manager of the Salt Lake theatre has always proceeded upon the idea that there is nothing too good for his patrons.

Without knowing it—or without fully realizing the fact—we are under many foot-light obligations to the tireless, wide awake manager of the Salt Lake theatre.

Hats off to George D. Pyper!

If I were asked to name a really weak number on the Orpheum program, this week, I would have to blush and confess ignorance. For while there is no top-lofty genius rising above you in threatening grandeur, neither is there an aggregation of mediocrity to make you afraid. From Jonny Jones, the little man in black—dressed all in white—with his coon shouting and quaint jokes to May Tully, in her orange colored dream of a dress, playing the emotional actress in distress—I say

between these two extremes at the Orpheum there is much to make you "Stop, Look and Listen."

Mark Sullivan, the mimic monologist, tells a lot of foolish things in a foolish way. But his imitation of Macintyre in the "Ham Tree" is the real pork for cleverness.

The Olivotti troubadours, playing a violin and guitar, are musically splendid. It is a long time since Salt Lakers have hung so rapturously upon the trembling strings of a violin. Has the great Paganini gone into vaudeville, or is this some one else playing the violin at the Orpheum?

Miss May Tully is making a hit in her little sketch by Matthew White jr.—"Stop, Look and Listen." It tells of a stranded actress who disillusioned a stage struck girl.

Incidentally Miss Tully gives imitations of how Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Leslie Carter would sing—if they could—"Waiting at the Church." The impersonations are uproariously clever. But in some of her emotional acting Miss Tully pours too much oil upon the troubled waters.

Norton, the magician, does some coin and cord tricks which are astonishing some of the gray-heads who used to go crazy over Herrmann.

You shouldn't miss the Orpheum this week.

The final concert for this season of the Salt Lake Symphony Orchestra will take place at the Salt Lake theatre next Friday afternoon. The orchestra has had a very successful season. The closing concert will probably be the best. The following is the programme:

PROGRAM.

1. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn.
2. Solos for Harp,
 - a—Mazourka, Schuecker.
 - b—"Autumn," Thomas.
3. Symphony No. 3, Mendelssohn
 - Introduction Maestoso,
 - Allegro.
 - Adagio
 - Allegro Guerriero
 - (Intermission, Five Minutes.)
 4. a—Valse Lente, A. Shepherd
 - b—Marche Pittoresque
 - (From Suite for Orchestra)
 5. Concerto for Flute, d maj.
 - Mozart.
 6. Waltz, "Wiener Blut," Strauss
 7. March, "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar.

When the Lyric management is forced to give three evening performances—as is often the case—it means there's something doing on lower Main street. It seems as if the town is rapidly acquiring the Lyric habit and that the disease is becoming incurable. At the time Sullivan and Considine got into the local vaudeville game I made a number of predictions—although not posing as a prophet.

Still the reputation acquired by these gentlemen in the northwest was a sufficient guarantee of what they would do here. And ever since the

opening night the goods have been put on the Lyric stage.

Anybody who has seen the bill this week will tell you so.

Beginning with today's matinee there is an entire change of program.

HARRY LE GRANDE

PROLONGED LAUGHS

There is promise of divers prolonged laughs at the Orpheum next week where what is said to be an excellent vaudeville bill will be in order. Leading the attack on the risibilities will be Bobby Matthews and Herbert Ashley in "A Smashup In Chinatown." The gaceful Olivotti who strums the guitar at the Orpheum this week is authority for the statement that it is the best "dope act" in vaudeville, and he has played all the leading vaudeville houses of two continents. Anyhow The Smashup is guaranteed to be a scream with Matthews as the Hebrew and Ashley as the dopey coachman. Their long suit is arrant foolishness and parodies.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a comedy playlet entitled "Her First Divorce Case," and Salt Lake will be one of the first cities to see it. It is written in a serio-comic vein and the situations are ludicrous and varied. It will be presented at the Orpheum next week by Mattie Keene and company.

Another act that will arouse enthusiasm is that presented by Finlay and Burke. Of this a Los Angeles critic says: "Another comedy sketch that met with instant approval was 'A Stageland Satire,' by Raymond Finlay and Lottie Burke. Their traversery on melodrama and occurrences in a crowded street car and at the theatre were among the best on the bill.

The Durand Trio, high class character vocalists, are Italians with good voices who sang a number of grace.

A distinct novelty is offered in Tona, a Navajo maiden, who delivers a beautifully illustrated lecture on Indian life in the deserts of Arizona.

The Sharp brothers are song and dance comedians who do not need to black their faces to make good with the audiences before whom they appear.

The Kinodrome also will come to the front with some motion picture novelties.

The bill, taken all in all, is one that promises a distinct hit.

A CHRONIC HABIT.

Among the many very attractive programmes that have held the boards at the Lyric theatre since it embarked on the vaudeville enterprise, none was any better than that offered for the coming week. It includes such artists as Nellie Andrews, Evans & Lloyd, Budd & Wayne, and La Odella, each a specialist in his or her line. With many people the Lyric habit is becoming chronic.